TIT FOR TAT.

OR AN

ANSWER

TO THE

EPISTLE *from* a Nobleman.

----Remember Milo's *End,*
Wedg'd in that Timber, which he ſtrove to rend. ROSCOM.

LONDON:
Printed for T. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Ivy-Lane.*
MDCCXXXIV.
(Price Six-pence.)

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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TIT for TAT.

SWEET, pretty Pratler of the C---t,
The Maid of Honour's daily Sport;
Dear, trifling Teizer of the Muſes,
Whom every Soul alive abuſes;
What Whim inſpir'd thy ſtupid Brain,
To plague us in Heroick Strain?
Quitting thy doggrel, ſing-ſong Rhime;
In hopes to reach the grand Sublime.
Thy learn'd Epiſtle well deſcrib'd
The little Rules, you firſt imbib'd;
How happy You! the only Lord
Could ever read, or write one Word;
How ſmartly you expoſe the reſt,
By Characters that ſuit thee beſt!
So juſtly drawn, at firſt ſight known;
Shining in Talents, all your own.
How amiable to us appears,
The Progreſs of your infant Years?
The Child could read as ſoon as ſuck,
One hand the Bub, one held a Book;
Such Knowledge ſhewn, ev'n at the Breaſt;
Nurſe ſwore, you'd be a Judge at leaſt.
Being no Lord, you had no Patent
To let your nat'ral Parts lie latent;
As Maſter muſt not be a Fool,
E'er you could go, you're ſent to School,
That the hid Seeds of genial Senſe,
Might thrive by Learning's Influence:

Where ſoon to ſuch a height they ſprung,
(Like Winter Muſhrooms rais'd by Dung:)
You quicker learn'd, than they could teach,
And all without one ſmarting B---ch;
Fond Mamma thought, a Rod but ſpoil'd
The Genius of a witty Child.
How ſoon! you did ſtrange *Latin* ſpeak!
And call the Boys hard Names in *Greek!*
Nay, every Day improv'd ſtill faſter,
'Till you out-run the very Maſter.
To finiſh neat the Whole that's wanted,
The Stripling was to C---rt tranſplanted:
But there, alas! the *Greek* and *Latin*,
Were dropp'd for Velvet, Paint, and Sattin;
All muſty, heatheniſh Rules laid by,
The Art of Politicks to try,
To ſwear, forſwear, to plot, and lye:
Chang'd to a Weather-cock of State,
To ſave a ſinking St------n's Fate.

The Farce could never be compleat,
'Till with the L---ds he claim'd his Seat:
Thrice happy now the Houſe of P--rs!
Learn ye Grey-beards from his green Years!
There gulp down Wiſdom from his Mouth,
That Source of Honour, Senſe, and Truth.

Could the Divine ſpend Time no better,
Than writing thee a ſerious Letter?
Were his Tithes free from all diſpute?
No ſtubborn Atheiſt to confute,
By Texts of Scripture abſolute?
No Duel orthodox to liſt in?
No Wedding, or no Brat to chriſten?
That thus he'd load your little Head,
Too full of Maggots it had bred.

How

How could you for ſuch Stuff have leiſure,
Fatigu'd 'twixt Buſineſs and Pleaſure?
But when your L-----p thought it fit,
To grace his Dulneſs with your Wit;
Why not indulge his juſt Requeſt,
Deſcribing plain our Curſe and Jeſt?
You might have mounted pick-a-pack;
Your Raree-ſhew upon your Back;
As *Savoyards* from Street to Street
Accoſt each Paſſenger they meet:
See, Sir, theſe ſtaring things in Ermin,
That huff and ſtrut to frighten Vermin;
This Lady fair, with Harpy's Claws,
Who all things to her Centre draws;
And ſways with univerſal Rule,
Yet keeps the Secret from the Fool:
This M------r that can't indite,
Theſe Sec-----ries, that can't write:
Theſe B----ps pawning Votes and Souls,
Theſe Men, made great, becauſe they're Fools;
Theſe tearing military Blades,
Whoſe Courage lies in their Cockades;
(Or a Court Paradox by urging)
Theſe Maidens ſix, without one Virgin.
Or told him, how you fool away
In Show or Nonſenſe, Night and Day;
One noiſy, ſilly Scene of chatt'ring,
Lying, ſwearing, cringing, flatt'ring;
The ſame dull Round you each Day prance,
Like Poet *Bayes*' grand jumbling Dance;
Where Atheiſts, B---ps, J-----es, Knaves,
Make one continued Group of Slaves:
A thouſand things of equal Worth,
With equal Wit, you might ſet forth;

And not have ink'd that pretty Hand,
With Matters you'll ne'er underſtand.
  But in the name of ev'ry Wonder,
How came you thus on *P---pe* to blunder?
If in a ſilly waſpiſh Mood
Reſolv'd to laſh at all that's good;
Virtue and Honour to beſpatter,
By ſquirting out unmeaning Satyr,
As little Curs provok'd, make Water;
Thought you the World wou'd take that handle,
To patronize your ſenſeleſs Scandal;
(Such Stuff as makes e'en *C-----r* puke;)
And not your Inſolence rebuke?
  In your own Sphere you might have found
Some proper Mark for you to wound:
Fools open to each feeble Thruſt,
Who'd take your tinſel Wit on truſt;
If you muſt write, on Coxcombs fall,
That can't or won't return the Ball;
Or jirk your Panegyrick Aſſes,
That ſpurious Offspring of *Parnaſſus*;
Or write ſome Comments to explain
The myſtick Works of *C---ber*'s Brain,
Thus Light reflecting each dark Ode on;
Or criticize good Captain *B-----n*:
Or the Poetick Scene to vary,
Fire out Lampoons on Lady *M----y*.
  Unrival'd you may talk of Faſhion,
And quite new dreſs the whole She-Nation;
Of various Colours ſhew the Grace,
Where Pink, where Blue becomes the Face,
Point out the C----rt Coquets and Saints,
Which of them waſhes, and which paints;
The ſmalleſt Blot in Life deſcry,
Who ſquints, who pins her Tail awry;

Brilliant

Brilliant your Genius here would ſhine,
Give Chit-chat life, and Modes refine.
  But can your Arm a Weapon lift?
To battle *P----ney*, *Po--e*, or *S---ft*;
In an ill Hour the Task you choſe,
Bep---s'd in Rhime, be----it in Proſe;
'Tis Act the ſecond of the Farce,
Juſt as you duell'd, you write Verſe;
A vanquiſh'd Hero in the Field,
And on *Parnaſſus* forc'd to yield;
Let *P---pe* or *P---ney* be the Man,
You quit your Sword, or drop your Pen.
Secure that M------ry muſt ſtand,
When you're its Head, its Heart, its Hand.
  Pray for the future be advis'd;
Know you're not hated, but deſpis'd;
The World now ſcorns your little Tricks;
Your Scraps of Wit and Politicks:
Then Writing fly, and leave that part
To Men of Genius, and of Art;
Or if you ſtill for ſcribbling long;
Why, tag a Rhime, or point a Song.
But you'll appear with better Grace,
Dreſs'd in the Enſigns of your P---ce;
The very Eſſence of Perfumes,
The Star of Balls and D------g-Ro--ms;
The Wonder of a *Sunday* Croud,
Affected, foppiſh, vain, and loud;
Poppet all o'er in Shape and Feature,
A very Linſy-wolſy Creature;
Ne'er made for Uſe, juſt fit for Shew,
Half Wit, half Fool, half Man, half Beau:
Who'd ſpoil ſuch Eyes for any Book?
What blooming Toaſt boaſts ſuch a Look?

So finely colour'd, ſuch a Grace,
One takes it for my Lady's Face;
As highly touch'd with niceſt Care,
The ſelf-ſame pert and ſilly Air:
Well might that *Bard his Ign'rance plead,
When charm'd with both as laid in Bed;
Yet dubious which was Girl or Boy,
To be ſecure, would both enjoy.

The Gifts of Heav'n then proudly boaſt,
But Talents miſapply'd are loſt;
Wiſdom ill ſuits a Face ſo pretty,
Content at moſt to be thought witty;
Let dirty Patriots hold debate,
In Senates ſhine, and mend the State;
'Midſt a Love-Speech, they'll ſurely ſpoil it,
And cannot argue at a Toilet;
Sometimes they catch us by the Ear,
Whilſt Eyes and Noſes hold you dear.

Take then this kind Advice, as meant
By him, who Folly to prevent,
Or conquer e'er too ſtrong it grow;
Proves he's your Friend, tho' deem'd your Foe.

* *V——aire.*

BRITISH MUSEUM 13 JA 72

FINIS.